

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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sent strictly in advance. If we have to wait any time, \$2.50 will be charged.

W. P. WALTON.

Wonderful Nerve.

Our Adairville reporter says: A rather singular surgical operation performed by a young man named George Moore upon himself recently is reported to us from authentic and perfectly reliable sources. The young gentleman is the son of Mr. Frank Moore, living over in Robertson county, Tenn., some five or six miles from this place, and has been afflicted with a scrofulous disease in one of his legs so severely for some months or more past that he was unable to walk. By the advice of friends he went to Nashville a few weeks since for the purpose of consulting an eminent scientist and surgeon and having his afflicted limb operated on. The surgeon examined the diseased leg and pronounced a cure practicable by removing a part of the bone for which service though he should charge a fee in proportion to the delicacy and danger of the operation, assuring the young man at the same time that without the operation was performed his death was only a question of a very short time. The young man, not feeling willing or able to pay the fee, returned home, procured a sharp knife, a pair of pincers and some caustics and locking himself up in his room, performed the identical operation on himself which the surgeon had described as necessary to the salvation of his life, by making a clean incision in his leg and removing a piece of the diseased bone fully six inches in length. He is said to be getting well rapidly now and able to walk about anywhere he wishes. —[Frankfort Favorite.]

On a recent visit to Minneapolis, Clara Louise Kellogg, the great singer, wore at her throat a handsome brooch, which from its size, and the fact that it appeared to be upside down, at once attracted attention. Noting a reportorial glance at the pin, she laughingly remarked:

"Now you are wondering why I wear that pin upside down. Well, I'll tell you. I made a vow to do so, and she took off the pin and handed it to the reporter. It was certainly unique. The center was a large crystal, which reflected the light after the manner of Wilkie Collins' moonstone, while under it was represented a splendid courser upon the race track, the colors of the rider being plain and distinct. Surrounding this were diamonds and oriental amethysts, making the jewel as costly as it is novel.

"This is the only pin of the kind in existence. It can be used as either brooch, bracelet or pin, and it was given to me by the duke of Newcastle, as you see by the date, in 1863. I call it my horse pin. It was during the Brighton races that the duke of Newcastle invited mother and myself to be the guests of his family at the races. In the invitation he said that he had been losing quite heavily and jokingly wrote that if we came it might change his luck. We went, and that very day the duke won \$50,000, and he had this pin made in commemoration of the event, with the picture of the winning horse and rider, with his colors, and presented it to me.

"Yes, but about the vow?"
"I was in at Tiffany's in New York and one of their gentlemen observing my pin, said I ought to have it cleaned. I left it, and when it was returned the horse and rider were upside down. Wishing to wear it one evening at a reception, and having no time to change it, I concluded to trust to nobody observing it. Well, the first gentleman presented to me called my attention to it. The next one did the same thing, and I told him I was aware of the fact, and he wanted to know why I didn't change it. I was caught, but told him I wore it that way to attract attention, and so many others asked me the same question that I vowed I would continue to wear it that way. So I have. And do you know," she said, laughing until her eyes filled with tears, "it never fails to catch them. My friends take the pleasure in watching persons to see how long it will be before they ask me that question."

A Root as Substitute for the Weed.

(Chicago Herald.)

"Good demand for licorice root" said the drug clerk, in response to an inquiry; "yes, indeed, especially in summer. In warm weather so many people swear off smoking or chewing tobacco, and buy licorice root that purpose, too. It's a splendid thing for the throat. Smoking or chewing tobacco is merely the habit of having something in the mouth. That is all it amounts to, and the licorice root does just as well as tobacco for nine men out of ten. The root is healthy, assisting digestion, and is very good for hay fever, catarrh or bronchitis. It is right pleasant, too, and I have known men who started chewing it because they wanted to quit on tobacco to become chronic users of the root. They merely changed one habit for another, but as a rule a man will chew the root a week or so and then tire of it. By that time he is weaned from the tobacco or else goes back to it."

Cremation in Calcutta.

(St. Paul Pioneer-Press.)

Calcutta has 800,000 inhabitants, 25,000 of whom are whites. The city is divided into two distinct sections, the native and the foreign quarters. In one are narrow streets, dirt and filth; in the other palaces, parks and pleasure grounds. Mr. Benedict described the ghats, or places where the bodies of the dead are cremated on the river bank. A pile of wood is erected, the body placed on top, and the whole fired. As the flames consume the body, the nearest male relative breaks with a club the skull and bones of the deceased, and pushes the body into the flames until all is consumed, when the ashes are thrown into the river.

A Birdseye Pineapple.

A birdseye pineapple sold in New York the other day for \$3. It differs from other pineapples in that it has no core, cuts like a cheese and possesses an exquisite flavor.

The Greatest City in the World.

London is the greatest city the world ever saw. It covers within the 15 miles' radius of Charing Cross 700 square miles. It numbers within three boundaries 5,000,000 of inhabitants. It comprises over 2,000,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself; more Jews than the whole of Palestine; more Irish than Dublin; more Scotchmen than Edinburgh; more Welshmen than Cardiff; more country raised persons than the counties of Devon, Warwickshire and Durham combined. London has a birth in it every five minutes; has a death in it every eight minutes; has seven accidents every day in 8,000 miles of street; has on an average 40 miles of streets opened and 15,000 new houses built every year. In 1883 there were added 22,110 new houses to the vast aggregate of dwellings which is called the metropolis, thus forming 368 new streets and one new square, covering a distance of 66 miles and 84 yards. It is difficult to form any mental picture from these figures. Brighton, the queen of watering places in 1881 had 20,379 inhabitants, so that London in 1883 added to itself a town bigger than Brighton. It would require two Cambridges, or Oxfords, or Bathas to represent the addition made to London in a single year. London has 46,000 persons annually added by birth to its population; has over 1,000 ships and 10,000 sailors in its port every day; has as many beer shops and gin-palaces as would, if placed side by side, stretch from Charing Cross to Portsmouth, a distance of 78 miles; has 38,000 drunkards annually brought before its magistrates; has 70 miles of open shops every Sunday; has influence with all parts of the world represented by a yearly delivery in its postal districts of 298,000,000 letters. Twelve hundred trains pass Clapham Junction every day, and the underground railway runs 1,211 trains every day. The London omnibus companies run 1,020 'buses, which carry 59,000,000 passengers annually. It is more dangerous to walk the streets of London than to travel by railroad or to cross the Atlantic. Last year 130 persons were killed and 2,000 injured by vehicles in the streets. There are in London nearly 14,000 police, 14,000 cabmen and 15,000 persons connected with the postoffice. The cost of gas for lighting London annually is \$600,000. London has 400 daily and weekly newspapers. Last year there were 2,300 fires. The ancient and famous city of London was first founded by Brutus, the Trojan, in the year of the world 2832, so that since the first building it is 3,066 years old. The drainage system of London is superb, and the death rate very low.

A DEVOTED BROTHER.—I suppose it is something of a phenomenon, but I know a man here who takes his sister to all the first nights at the theatre and who actually gave her a monopoly of the opera season. I was praising him and saying all sorts of things complimentary over his dutiful conduct. He said: "No. There's nothing wonderful or extraordinary about it. She is the only woman I know in whom I have the most thorough confidence. She is always the same, always pleasant and affectionate, and to tell you the candid truth, I am afraid she will go and marry some of those imitation men around here and be unhappy all her life. She has nobody else to look to, and I'll take care she does not have to look to anybody else. I suppose some day a genuine man will come along. If he's a genuine man I won't object. Until he does come, old boy, she's good enough for me, and if I ever find as good a girl I'll marry her." —[San Francisco Chronicle.]

A SMALL BOY'S IDEA.—He was small for a witness, but he knew a good deal more than there were indications of.
"Take the stand," said the lawyer.
"Right you are," he replied, stepping up and sitting down carelessly.
"Do you understand the nature of an oath?"
"Well, I should smile," and he threw a barefooted leg over the arm of the chair.
"Were you ever on the witness stand before?"
"Not any."

"Then how do you know the nature of an oath?"
"Eyes! I've been around lots of times when Pap was chopin' kindlin' wood an' seen the sticks fly up an' hit him a swipe across the snout. Guess you never split much kindlin' fir yer wife, did yer?"

Some of the hotels have bills of fare with a fly-leaf covered with cards of various business houses. An Oregon man took his seat behind one of them, when a waiter appeared with "What will you have, sir?" To the utter confusion of the waiter he leisurely remarked: "You may fetch me a new set of teeth in gutta-percha; an improved sewing machine, with patent lock stitch; a box of Brandreth pills and a pair of number seven French calf skin boots." In a moment the waiter replied: "We do not furnish those articles." "Then what have you got it on the bill of fare for?" retorted the customer.

A Venetian paper contains an advertisement which runs as follows: "My name is Frederick. I am as poor as I am ugly and if anything can exceed my stupidity it is my disagreeable character. In spite of these disadvantages I aspire to marry. Is there any lady who will have me?" This is not a very inviting programme, but the gentleman has had many letters of inquiry.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

—Today is county court day. There is not a great deal of business on the docket.
—Farmers are commencing to sow wheat. There will not be a great deal sown in this county.

—We had frost three nights last week. Tomatoes, beans and late corn were injured more or less in different parts of the county.

—There was a large crop of apples and peaches in this county. Four or five brandy distilleries have been running all the time since the first began to ripen and will continue to run for about a month yet.

—The mountain counties of Kentucky have the best mast that they have had for years. In some localities the tree tops are so loaded down that they bend together and make a solid mass of acorns. Wild pigeons are beginning to come and will have a feast until driven out by the hunters.

—Died, a week or more ago, at the residence of her son, J. T. Stephens, near Reedsville, Mrs. Elizabeth Stephens, aged 78 years. She was a widow for 38 years and was a strict member of the Baptist church. In her last hours she bade her children farewell saying: "I am going home to Jesus."

—Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Paris and family started to Ill., last night on a visit to Mrs. Paris' father, Messrs C. Crook and C. S. Nield, of Altamont, spent Sunday in town. C. A. Reed, Jr. was in town this morning. J. W. Sparks was here yesterday. Congressman Jar. B. McCreary was in town Monday shaking hands with his many friends.

—We attended the soldiers' reunion at Williamsburg last Thursday. About one dozen citizens of this county went out. The crowd numbered about 3,000. The best of order was maintained. There were speeches by Gen. Fry, Col. Goodloe and others, also a grand barbecue. A very beautiful feature on the programme was a float on which sat 38 little girls, representing the 38 States, with a young lady in their centre as the "Goddess of Liberty." The people seemed to enjoy themselves to the fullest extent.

Familiar Quotations.

Unwont, unhonored and unsung.—Scott.
Glittering and sounding generalities.—Choate.

I own the soft impeachment.—Sheridan.
God tempests the wind to the storm lamb.—Sterne.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.—Keats.
'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print.—Byron.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.—Campbell.
He builded better than he knew.—Emerson.

How blessings brighten as they take their flight.—Young.
Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute.—Pinckney.

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands.—Sheridan.
A limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.—Burke.

HIS MISTAKE.—A gentleman on reaching home found a ragged tramp sitting on his front steps eating his lunch. "Here! What are you doing there?" he shouted. "Partaking of a slight lunch. Will you join me?" the tramp politely responded, "No; I don't want any of your villainous feed."

"That's so; it is pretty tough kind of fodder. I just got it out of your kitchen. Your wife must be doing her own cooking now." "What's that, you infernal hound?" exclaimed the angry man, starting towards the tramp, still sitting quietly on the step; "Don't get excited, sir; don't get excited think a minute. Aren't you mistaken in calling me a hound?" "No; I'm not; and I'll—"

"But, my dear sir, you are mistaken; I'm no hound, I'm a setter." The gentleman gazed at the tramp in admiration and left him to finish his lunch.

Quite a number of guests, says a Saratoga correspondent, were witnesses this morning to the amusing embarrassment of a comely matron who pulls the beam at a figure something above two hundred pounds and whose bust is magnificent in size. Her watch hung at her waist, attached to a chain of the usual length. The amiable lady, desiring to ascertain the time of the day, took hold of her watch, but although she held it out as far as the chain would stretch, and twisted and bent her head in every conceivable direction, she was unable to obtain a sight of her time-piece. After growing red and scarlet, and failing in the attempt to detach the chain, she was constrained to request another lady who was standing by to peep at her watch and communicate the intelligence for which she had made such an unsuccessful struggle.

Miss Laura Braden, Treasurer of the Washington & Wayneburg Railroad, is said to be the only female railroad officer in the country. It is strange, too, since women handle more trains than men and know how to switch 'em off in great style.

"I would not," says the Rev. Sam Jones "wipe my feet on a professional base ball player." Why should Mr. Jones wipe his feet on a ball player, when the umpire is there for that purpose.—[Buffalo Express.]

"Pa," asked young Johnny Jarphly, "what is a defaulter?" He is a man who looses money that does not belong to him, my son," replied Mr. Jarphly. "And what is a financier? "One who hangs to it."

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Died, Saturday, after a lingering illness of consumption, Mrs. George Miller, aged about 35 years.

—Rev. Green Clay Smith closed his protracted meeting at the Baptist church Sunday. The total number of additions was 45.

—The ladies of the Fork church will give a supper at that place on next Friday evening. Admission 25 cents; proceeds to be donated to the church.

—Jane Evans, an aged colored woman, was tried on a writ of lunacy before Judge Singleton and a jury Thursday. She was adjudged insane and sent to the Lexington Asylum.

—Mr. R. H. Bateson, who went from this place to Kansas about a year ago will shortly return and go into the dry goods business here, having rented the store-room recently occupied by J. C. Hemphill.

—Miss Kate Earl Caldwell, of Lower Garrard, is the guest of Mrs. W. B. Mason. Miss Mary Spillman, of Bryantville, is at Miss Kate Wherritt's. Miss Minnie Walker, of Kirkville, is visiting Mrs. W. O. Rigney.

—Deputy U. S. Marshal W. A. Arnold arrested Archibald Sonns and wife in Madison county last Friday and lodged them in jail here. They are charged with illicit liquor-selling in Rockcastle county and were taken to Louisville for trial Monday morning.

—Mr. R. C. Bradley, one of our young business men, requests us to say that the garnishee against him by a firm in town was for a debt owed them by a colored man in his employ and that this method was used to stop the wage in his hands and not because he owed them anything.

—The eleventh anniversary of the Ladies Christian Aid Society was celebrated at the City Hall Saturday evening last. The regular business of the society was gone through with, after which came recitations and music, followed by refreshments. A large audience was present and the net proceeds amounted to about \$50. During the eleven years this society has existed it has paid over \$4,000 into the church.

—Washington Lusk and Polly Rhodes, colored people, aged eighty and eighty-one years, were joined in bonds of holy wedlock last Thursday evening. This is "Uncle Wash's" fifth venture on the seas of matrimony. He is a well-known local character and will be remembered as the reverend gentleman who in addressing his congregation, during the time the cholera was doing its deadly work at this place in 1873, charged them with bringing on the epidemic by their cussedness generally and added that they were only being punished for their misdeeds, when some of the brethren protested and called the speaker's attention to the fact that the good ones were not being excepted by the scourge, he effectually crushed them with the statement that they were only being "removed" to be used as witnesses against the bad ones.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

An Answer Wanted.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c a bottle by Penny & McAllister.

An Enterprising, Reliable House.

Penny & McAllister can always be relied upon not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency of such articles as have well known merit and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of Throat, Lungs and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchisi's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c a box. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon, a Female Remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by Druggists. Prices \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. Marchisi, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India mission the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has left it in his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 119 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

W. L. DAWSON

Is a candidate for Jailor of Lincoln County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

SAM. M. OWENS

Is a candidate for Jailor of Lincoln County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Notice!

All persons indebted to the estate of B. F. Eubanks, dec'd, by note or account will please come forward and settle by the 20th of this month.

MRS. SARAH EUBANKS, Administratrix.

MILLINERY.

Miss Kate Logan and Mrs. Fannie Edmiston

Are daily receiving a choice and well selected line of Fall and Winter Millinery, to which they invite the attention of the ladies of this vicinity. It will be their study to please and they hope to merit a full share of patronage. Store on Lancaster street, first one above Main, Stanford. 55-1

FOR SALE OR RENT.

—MY HOUSE AND LOT—

On Danville Avenue, in Stanford. The house contains 7 rooms, cellar and porch. Lot well improved, stable with 6 stalls, buggy house, wagon shed, coal and smoke house and a 300-barrel cistern, all new and in good repair. Enquire on premises. 55-1

FOR SALE.

A Desirable Residence

On Danville street, in Stanford. The lot contains two acres and has on it a comfortable dwelling, stable, wood-house, corn crib, a splendid cistern, and a large number of fruit and ornamental trees. This is one of the most desirable residences in the place. For terms and further particulars, apply to 55-1

FOR SALE.

The Farm on the road from Hustonville to Liberty, in Lincoln county, Ky., 1 mile from Hustonville, formerly occupied by Mrs. Phoebe Blain, dec'd, containing about 125 Acres of valuable Blue-Grass Land, well watered, on both sides of the turnpike road, with comfortable improvements. Any one desirous of owning a valuable home will do well to see this FARM AT ONCE, wanting to purchase will call on R. S. Tucker, who will show the Farm and give price and terms, or address T. A. Blain, Stowers postoffice, Simpson county, Ky. (53-61) T. A. BLAIN, Agent.

Lincoln Circuit Court.

John H. Engleman & Susie E. Engleman, his wife, On Petition. In Equity.

Notice is hereby given to whom it may concern that the petitioners, J. H. Engleman and Susie E. Engleman have this day filed their petition in the clerk's office of the Lincoln Circuit Court, praying that the Court empower the said Susie E. Engleman to use, enjoy, sell and convey for her own benefit any property she may own or acquire, free from the claims or debts of her husband; to make contracts, sue and be sued as a single woman, to trade in her own name and to dispose of her own property by will or deed.

It is hereby ordered that this notice be published in the Interior Journal, a newspaper published in Stanford, Ky., by two weekly insertions before the next regular term of the Lincoln Circuit Court.

Given under my hand as clerk of said Court, this 19th day of September, 1885.

J. P. BAILEY, CLK. L. C. C.

English & Classical School

Christian College Building,

HUSTONVILLE, . . . KY.

The Third Annual Session will open Wednesday

SEPT. 16. Course of instruction thorough. Development of the mind the end to be attained. Terms reasonable. For circulars apply to

MISS H. BURGIN, Principals

Stanford Female College,

STANFORD, KY.

ALEX. S. PAXTON, A. B. Pres.

The text session of this well-known institution will begin on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1885.

—The President assisted by—

A Corps of Efficient Instructors,

Will endeavor to give careful training and thorough instruction to the pupils committed to his charge. Terms reasonable. Send for circular.

TESTIMONIALS:

[From J. J. White, Professor of Greek]

WASHINGTON & LEX. UNIVERSITY.

Mr. Alex. S. Paxton graduated at this institution in 1861. Has been engaged in teaching since the war, and being capable and conscientious, has been very successful in his profession.

[From James A. Walker, recently Lieut.-Governor of Virginia.]

NEWBURN, VA., June 20, 1872.

It affords me pleasure to bear testimony to the qualifications and efficiency of Mr. Alex. S. Paxton as a teacher. His discipline is kind, but firm and good.

[From the Rev. J. Rice Bowman, D. D.]

HARRISONBURG, VA., July 4, 1882.

I take pleasure in testifying to Mr. Alex. S. Paxton's high literary attainments, his zeal in his profession, his facility in imparting instruction and his conscientious regard for the moral as well as the intellectual development of the youth committed to his care.

[From S. P. Hall, Sec. Board of Trustees Bolivar Academy.]

MADISONVILLE, TENN., April 1, 1879.

Prof. Alex. S. Paxton taught in Bolivar Male & Female Academy. His general department was that of a refined, Christian gentleman. In the school room he proved himself a ripe scholar, a thorough and efficient instructor and a good disciplinarian.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS,

PER YEAR.

Harper's Weekly.....\$4.00

Harper's Magazine.....4.00

Harper's Bazar.....4.00

Harper's Young People.....4.00

Harper's Franklin Square Library one year, (5 numbers).....10.00

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The volumes of the Weekly begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the current number.

Remittances should be made by Postoffice Money Order or Draft to avoid chance of loss.

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LEE F. HUFFMAN, SURGEON DENTIST.

Office—South side Main Street, two doors above the Myers Hotel.

Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when required.

DR. W. B. PENNY, DENTIST.

Office on Lancaster street, next door to Interior Journal office. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and 1 to 5 P. M. Anesthetics administered when necessary. [154-157.]

LUMBER!

All classes of Building Material for sale at my premises on the Hustonville pike.

47-1m F. REID, Stanford.

Small Farm For Sale!

Situated 2 1/2 miles from Stanford on the Danville pike, containing 43 1/2 Acres, in a high state of cultivation, new dwelling with 4 rooms and kitchen, two never-failing springs, &c. Address

W. L. DAWSON, Stanford.

ICE! ICE! ICE!

I will deliver ice to regular customers in Stanford and vicinity every morning at

ONE CENT PER POUND

Accounts due at the close of each month, or when customer quits.

10-11 R. E. BARROW.

—AT—

Masonheimer's Restaurant

—OPPOSITE COURT-HOUSE—

DANVILLE, . . . KENTUCKY.

Meals served at all hours. Game always on hand and in its season, oysters fresh fish, and similar delicacies served in all styles and on short notice. Look out for the sign "Woodbine Restaurant" and call when you are hungry.

F. W. MASONHEIMER & CO., Danville, Ky.

PIANOS, ORGANS, MUSIC, &c

We are agents for the old and reliable John Church Co. of Cincinnati, Ohio, for the sale of Pianos, Organs, Automatic Musical Instruments and Musical Merchandise in Lincoln and Garrard counties, Kentucky. Monthly Payments received until paid. The best standard makers: Wm. Knabe & Co., Hazleton, Pa., Becker & Son, Everett and New England Pianos, either upright or square. In Organs, the following well-known makers: Clough & Warren, John Church & Co.

W. P. WALTON.

THE New York democrats made short work of their convention, by renominating Gov. Hill on the first ballot. He received 337 of the 380 votes and his nomination was afterwards made unanimous. Flower, who received but one vote for the gubernatorial nomination, was made the candidate for lieutenant governor but he subsequently declined the honor. A resolution lamenting the death of Gen. Grant and recognizing a fitting crown to his illustrious career, "in his dying invocation of peace and good will between the heroes he led and the heroes he conquered," was carried by a rousing vote. The platform congratulates the country on the election and inauguration of Cleveland and indorses his administration. It approves and indorses the administration of Governor Hill, reaffirms the declaration of the Democratic National Convention of '76, '80 and '84 in regard to the necessity of reforming the Civil Service, but condemns the actual administration of the existing civil service laws, as have been enacted by the republican party. It asks that the commission at Washington be reorganized so a majority will be in sympathy with the administration. That the present lists eligible for appointment be annulled. The experimental coinage of silver dollars in the hope of maintaining a fixed ratio with gold, has gone far enough and cannot be continued farther without great danger to the business interests of the country, and the law requiring a fixed amount of coinage should be repealed. The nomination of Governor Hill is said to be a flattering endorsement of Gov. Cleveland, whose policy Governor Hill has carried out since he became Governor by Cleveland's election to the Presidency.

THE wild eyed Murphree, recently kicked out of the Frankfort custom-house for repeated outrages upon public decency, has adorned himself with an absurd badge and is yaw-hawing over the Bluegrass country like a prize jackass at a country fair. He is about to set his Danville smut-machine in motion again, hoping to reap a benefit from the advertising which some deluded Democratic politicians have caused him to receive. If the reputable press will from this time forth cease to take any notice whatever of his senseless ravings, we shall soon be rid of the creature.—[Louisville Times. Eminent correct you are. Notoriety and a desire to pose as a martyr is the chief aim of the egotistic humbug, and the democratic press should treat him with the silent contempt he deserves. This paper for one will not advertise him except at regular rates. Our frequent references to him recently were solely to show what manner of man the boss democrats were endorsing. Otherwise his name should never have appeared in this paper.]

COL. S. I. M. MAJOR, one of the editors of the Frankfort *Yeoman*, takes the same view of the Murphree business that all other decent democrats do, that the parties to it are inexcusable. Of his wicked partner, Col. Johnston, he tells the Breckenridge *News* that he made a series of mistakes, the first being in endorsing Murphree when there were plenty of good democrats in Frankfort that would have accepted the place. His explanation makes a weak case worse and his working in of Senator Black-worn was inexcusable. The safe plan was to have explained his own course and let the senator take care of himself. Continuing he said "I barely knew Murphree, but certainly a man who would conduct a paper as the *Tribune* was conducted can have but little of the gentleman in him as we in Kentucky understand it."

The Kentucky Railroad Commission may expect some strong attacks in the Legislature next winter, for the reason that it costs money and seems to be doing nothing, while the people demand economy in public expenditures. If the Commission can show that it has led to the building of a single mile of railroad during its existence this will be a point in its favor. If its only work, however, has been the assessment of railroad property, it is probable that the Auditor can have this done more cheaply and quite as well. There never will be needed a commission to regulate the business of railroad companies more than to regulate the selling of dry goods or the making of saw mills.—[Louisville Commercial.]

OUR old friend, C. L. Thompson has sold the Hinton, W. Va., *Herald* to L. C. Bennett, who has leased it to J. L. G. Mays. Mr. Thompson will enter a wider field of journalism for which he is eminently fitted. Twelve years ago, when Hinton consisted of but a depot and a few houses, we were present when Mr. Thompson issued his first paper and have always felt a deep interest in it. We hope Mr. Mays will be able to make it as acceptable to the public as his predecessor.

THE appeal of John J. Cornelison from the decision of the Montgomery Circuit Court sentencing him to three years' imprisonment in the county jail for assault upon the late Judge Richard Reid, will be heard before a special court Oct. 25, when we hope it will be decided that he shall suffer the penalty, which is far too light for the cowardly crime he committed.

THE Stanford Interior Journal is the hardest hitter in the Kentucky Press. Slugger Sullivan is no more than a circumstance.—[Breckenridge News.]

A UNITED STATES Judge in New York has dismissed the proceedings to test the constitutionality of the Civil Service act.

THE Louisville Exposition is in all respects as good as any previous year and is well worth a visit, which the low rate of railroad fare makes so easily obtainable. There are numerous excellent features, which we have not space to mention, but if there was nothing but Cappa and his band, the show would be worth the price of admission. A man can see and hear more there for 25 cents than any place we know of.

THE London *Leader*, chock full of local news and other interesting matter, has made its debut. It is edited by M. T. Craft, who with John Pearl, is also publisher. The price is only \$1 per year and if the boys can keep it up to the standard of the initial number they will never lack for patronage.

EX-GOVERNOR MOSES, of South Carolina has pleaded guilty at Boston to obtaining money on false pretenses and will go to the penitentiary. He has just completed sentences for swindling. How indeed has the mighty carpet bagger fallen!

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Our ocean mail service last year cost \$327,179.

—L. C. Radford for the murder of Jacob Torain got a life sentence in Christian county.

—Mary Anderson stabbed herself accidentally while doing the Juliet business at Dublin last week.

—Mrs. Julia Chenoweth has sold her farm near Maysville, containing 205 acres, for \$30,000, nearly \$150 per acre.

—The Court of Appeals has affirmed the decision which gives assessors the regular fee for listing names when there is no property.

—Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, has been invited and has consented to deliver a few speeches in Virginia in behalf of the democratic ticket.

—The steamboat mail service between Louisville and Evansville, Ind., will be continued at \$10,000 a year instead of \$15,000 as formerly.

—Owing to continued ill health, Hon. W. B. Fleming, has resigned the Associated Justice of New Mexico, to which he was recently appointed by President Cleveland.

—In Jessamine county a man by the name of Wilson shot and instantly killed James Armstrong. The weapon used was a double-barreled shot-gun. It is said an old feud was the cause of the killing.

—The Lebanon, champions of the Central Kentucky League, played their last game Saturday against Springfield, the game resulting 10 to 8 in favor of the former. Out of 25 games played, the Lebanon have won 19.

—There are 30,000 cotton operatives on strike in Oldham, England. Eighty limited companies and fifty-six private firms have now stopped their mills, representing 7,083,512 spindles. Many of the operatives have gone to the work-house to escape starvation.

—It has just come to light that a rascal going by the name of Edward Neville, and purporting to come from Chicago, has been swindling the business houses of Richmond by the stationery scheme. He obtained various sums ranging from \$1 to \$20 and escaped.

—Ex Lieut. Gov. John C. Underwood has been elected Lieutenant General of the "Patriarch Militant," a new degree of the Odd Fellows' organization. Lieut. Gov. Underwood will not hold any competitive drills with the "Patriarch Militant" at Philadelphia.

—The Railroad Commission of Kentucky, to put it mildly, is useless. The members do not earn their salary. It is doing nothing for the benefit of the people. It simply stands as a threat to the railroads. The commission ought to be abolished.—[Richmond Register.]

A Pen Picture of Mr. Durham, the Great Democratic Investigator.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16th.—Comptroller Durham appears to have made more reputation during the Summer vacation than any of the new administration officials. He holds one of the most responsible positions in the Treasury Department. He is really a court of the highest appeal in everything relating to accounts. He is perfectly independent of the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Manning would not be able to pass an account over the head of the Comptroller. The latter is appointed by the President and is only nominally subordinate to Secretary of the Treasury. Before him pass the bulk of the accounts involving the enormous expenditures necessary for the running of the government. There is no more responsible position and there is no place where it is more important to have a perfectly upright man. Mr. Durham is a man in the neighborhood of 50 years of age. Like most Kentuckians, he is tall. He is fully six feet in height, but as he is round-shouldered, this detracts somewhat from his stature. He is spare of figure and dresses in loose fitting dark frock suits. He wears the same heavy clothes in mid-summer that he does in winter. He has a large, round head. His complexion is a very swarthy olive. His eyes are black and small. His nose is straight, his mouth is large, while the lower part of his face sharpens down to a narrow point and is smoothly shaven. His hair is quite thin upon the top, but is still dark. He has always lived in Kentucky. He is a lawyer brought up in a small village. He cares nothing for society and is therefore perfectly impervious to the influences of society at the Capital. He would scan with the same carelessness the accounts of an official of high place as he would those of one of more moderate position. Mr. Durham has lived by himself at the Ebbitt House all summer. He spends twelve hours a day over his accounts and for his relaxation takes long walks alone through the as yet deserted streets of Washington.—[Correspondence New York World.]

GEO. O. BARNES.

"Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else."

"PROSPECT POINT," LANDOUR, N. INDIA, Aug. 15th, 1885.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

He came from the bosom of a well regulated, godly family circle; though the government—from his account of it—pertained more to Sinai than Calvary. His time is out in two years more and he is longing to get back to old England, though he discharges all his duties with most commendable cheerfulness, and is not at all discontented. But he can not forget his home, and barrack life has no charms for him. He gave us a comical account of how a slick-tongued "recruiting sergeant" beguiled him into enlisting, with a promise that he would have an easy time of it, live like a gentleman, and have all his wants supplied most lavishly "and then the pretty red jacket finished it," he added. "I thought I should be set up for life, if I could only wear that lovely scarlet jacket, with the gold buttons." So he was "sucked in" as he graphically entitles his enlistment; soon to find out by sharp experience, that even a "recruiting sergeant" was not as transparently truthful as he thought him to be. But he made the best of his bad bargain, like the jolly, sturdy Briton he is, and cheerfully turned his attention to doing everything he was told to do, in the very best manner he knew how. As I write these words I hear him sounding the "tattoo" on his bugle, and he does it most artistically. The "Barrack" hill is half a mile away, but he always sounds "towards Prospect Point," as he says; and it is like saying "good night" to us all in his musical way. These two young "Suffolks" are always busy when they come to see us. One day they devised and executed a little garden plot on the hard rocky point in front of our verandah, where they planted a triangular bed of lettuce and then made a border near the front fence with cabbage plants; both plots with dahlias, set in at intervals. The edges have stones neatly heaped up and covered with moss and ferns. You could hardly believe, unless you saw it, how pretty this unique and incongruous mixture of vegetation looks. We let them exercise their own taste and carry out the "improvement" in their own way.

Another day they doffed their red jackets and made a "pug dunder" road, winding around the brow of our picturesque hill and reaching the top of the knoll just in rear of our villa, by an easy grade ascent—a thing long desired by the ladies, who delight in the view from the apex of the hill, but disliked the old, scrambling, rocky road that led up to it. A "pug dunder" is the generic title for a little foot path off the regular road. The mountains are scored in every direction with these "short cuts." Our "boys" turned off a very pretty road, neatly lined on the outer edge with small fragments of rock set up on end.

Then their critical taste was offended with the dinginess of our parlor walls and the front verandah. So one morning last week they turned up with pails, brushes, lime, etc., turned out the parlor furniture, and made us so dizzily white, that we resemble a "spring cleaning," more than a midsummer soiling. But these restless, energetic soldiers declare they must have "something to do" whenever they come to see us.

An unnatural quiet has settled over the place, for two days since Young went "down the hill." Jessup strolled in to day, rather disconsolately and feebly tried to keep up the old energetic life by getting over some benches from the "Barrack Hill" for our Thursday evening meeting, but he was evidently much "cut up" by the absence of his comrade.

I used the term "gymkhana" at the beginning of this letter. It requires a brief explanation. It is the name applied to the Saturday weekly sports, gotten up at all the hill stations as a "regular institution." They are partly innocent, and partly the reverse. Like everything of the kind, there is abuse of what was originally intended to be beneficial. Our "gymkhana" is at "Happy Valley" over on the "Mus-soorie" Hill. I have never patronized it, but good people often attend; and they hold the same moral position on the border land of "proprieties" that circus, trotting matches, fairs, et id omne genus, do at home. The "sports" here, include "polo," "tent-pegging," foot racing, pony races, walking matches, and other exercises, athletic and aesthetic. The first two entertainments are local—the rest common to the world at large. "Polo" is simply "bainy bundy" played on ponies—with wooden balls and curved sticks. "Tent pegging" is a horse-back feat of striking a tent peg at full gallop with a spear, lessening far over the side of the horse a la Comanche or Texas ranger fashion. It is rather risky and many accidents occur with unskilled but plucky riders. But a Briton enjoys not sport without risk of broken neck or bones. It is part of his "make up" inherited from "Jehi the son of Nimshi," or some other Israelite of the same temper.

Young's walk "in heavy marching order" for the 20 rupee prize, was no child's play, I assure you. He came up at once to "Prospect Point" to announce his victory, with a perhaps pardonable pride, but a face as red as a beef, and his scarlet serge jacket drenched with perspiration, but his countenance radiant with the joy of triumph. We congratulated him heartily. Let me tell you what he carried on his back, while he walked the mile inside 15 minutes. Beside his regular cloth uniform and heavy helmet, his Martini-Henry rifle and bayonet; he had his cartridge box with 40 rounds of ammunition, a heavy overcoat; Mackintosh cape and knapsack, containing the following, viz: spare trousers, shirt, socks, prayer book, soap and sponge, blacking and brush, forage cap, hair brush, comb and ointment; glass, oil bottle and "jag" (for cleaning rifle); pipe-clay, mass-tin, boots, knife, fork and spoon; razor, brush for shaving; button stick (cleaning buttons) and a small blank book for accounts. A pretty good load. Perhaps this will not be wholly uninteresting, as an inventory of a British soldier's "kit." But in moving about in this hot country they don't "pack" all this about them, as a general thing, but go in "skeleton marching order," which means as light as possible, with all the formidable array of necessities stowed away in wagons or on mules or camels. The government cares tenderly for its soldiers, for they are a costly article from first to last—not to mention more humane considerations.

This is a highly military epistle, but we are chiefly interested in the soldiers just now, and my letter must needs take on the color of our work—red, at present, being the predominant hue. We like the "red-coats," I used to hate so much, as a boy; under the patriotic instruction of our school histories, which inflamed our youthful minds with undying hostility to the "Mother country." I have shaken all that off now. What if she did prove a "step-mother" to us once? After all, she is a Mother any one might be proud of, and, for one, I have long since buried deep the grudge of my boyhood, and would gladly see America enter the Anglo-Saxon federation that will soon bind England and her colonies firmly together. She has learned wise lessons since she lost her eldest daughter by tyrannical folly. Why cannot we too forgive, forget and enter the home circle once more as eldest of the family of children? I pray for this. Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—At Louisville Thursday Jno. Spears' two-year-old colt O'Fallon came in second in the Walnut Hill stakes, thus taking the second money. Stock men think there is a bright future for this colt.

—Wakefield, Hudson & Co. have sold out their livery and sale stable to Messrs. D. S. Hinman and M. C. Turman. The stable for \$7,000, the stock and vehicles to be invoiced, the value of the latter probably \$3,000. The sale is conditional upon the approval of Mr. M. J. Farris who is now in New Mexico.

—Mrs. Ruth McFerran, widow of the late J. M. McFerran, died at her home near town Saturday night about 11 o'clock. She had been ill for a year past of organic disease of the liver and stomach and confined to her bed for the last 30 days. The funeral is to take place this (Monday) evening at 3 o'clock from the First Presbyterian church.

—Messrs. Harry Moore and Jas. W. Guest, Jr., who have been studying medicine with Dr. L. S. McMurtry, have gone to the University of Va., to continue their studies for the next nine months. Mr. U. Worthington, another student of the same physician, will go to the New Orleans schools this winter. Hon. J. S. Van Winkle returned yesterday evening from an absence of several days in Palaski and Wayne counties. Judge O. S. Poston, of Harrodsburg, is in town in attendance on circuit court. Rev. S. S. Pentz attended the Council of the Episcopal church at Louisville last week.

—Tom Williams shot and killed George Warren at Shelby City Saturday night about 9 o'clock. Both are colored and about 20 years old each. They were good friends and there is no reasonable theory on which to account for the tragedy except that Tom was drunk, had a pistol, and flourished it recklessly. Mr. A. Tribble, of Junction City, gives Tom a good character and says he has been in his employ for three years, and has been unusually honest and trustworthy. The unfortunate boy who was killed also bore a good character. Tom was arrested Saturday night and is now in jail.

—In the circuit court since last report the following matters were disposed of: Commonwealth vs. Geo. Phillips, judgment against securities on forfeited bond. The grand jury on Friday returned the following indictments: E. B. Russel and Kate Lee fornication, Jas. Davis do, Rebecca Wheeler and Jas. Moore do, F. W. Handman, assault; Grant Hocker and Maggie Miller adultery, Kate Lee 2, case; Eugene Cheatham and Bettie Hocker, selling liquor unlawfully; Peter Lancaster and Kate Lee, two cases, furnishing liquor to minors; Kate Lee, Mary and Peachy Emma Cecil and Nellie Gordon, keeping bawdy house; Beck Eatham and J. W. Gutrie, breach of peace; Silas Manwarring, F. W. Handman, Alex. Chambers, Geo. Pendergraft, concealed weapons; P. Manini, S. b. bath breaking; Eliza Adams, receiving stolen property; Wm. Baughman and Dick Griffin, betting on base ball; Geo. Faulconer and Mattie Lapsley, grand larceny; Tom Elmore, malicious cutting; National Bank of Lancaster vs. Jao. W. Miller & Co, No 1 trial and verdict of \$1,058 for plaintiff, the other cases of the same style continued until next term.

—Some cut throats connected with Doris' circus put pistols to the heads of a number of young men who went from Bagdad to attend the show at Frankfort, as they were returning on the circus train that night, and after robbing them of everything made them jump for their lives. All except one had bones broken and he followed the rascals up and had them arrested in Louisville from whence they were returned to Frankfort. When they passed the homes of the injured men it was with difficulty the officers prevented a mob from taking the scoundrels and administering summary justice to them.

—The Dwyer brothers announce that they are ready to retire from the turf and sell their horses. They have made over \$1,000,000 since 1877.

W. H. HIGGINS

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Cider Mills, Lap Covers, Ribs, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Gutting will have prompt attention.

Salemen { W. B. McKinney, John Bright, Jr.

THE NEW GROCERY AND HARDWARE HOUSE OF TAYLOR BROS. HUSTONVILLE, KY.

Would kindly ask your attention to the fact that they have just returned from the cities with a large fr. sh and well selected stock of CHOICE

FAMILY GROCERIES

In endless variety, dainty in quality and satisfactory in prices; this we guarantee. Our aim shall be at all times to supply every want in our line.

OUR HARDWARE AND POCKET CUTLERY

Consists of the Standard Brands of Europe and America. Our large line of Cooking Stoves includes the justly celebrated "Great Western Reserve" and many other family favorites. Our China, Glass and Queensware stock consists in part of Table, Tea and Chamber Sets complete, Glassware richly cut and etched. In the way of Breadstuffs we name Buckwheat Flour, the queen of all tribes. Our celebrated Patent "G. M." Flour, unrivaled for cake and pastry, while Rice and Hominy, our own patriotic products, arrayed as faithful adjuncts. All the delicacies in Foreign and Domestic Confections are here. Tin, Stone, Wooden and Willowware, Electric Lamps, Stationery, Canned Meats and Fruits and a complete line of Cigars and Tobaccos. Well, this is only a hint of what we have. Believing that we can make it to your interest, we confidently ask an examination of our goods and your patronage. Respectfully, TAYLOR BROTHERS.

Penny & M'Alister

PHARMACISTS.

Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

JEWELERS.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware

Ever bought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted.



B. K. WEAREN,

UNDERTAKER,

Dealer in Furniture!

A Full and complete assortment of Furniture, embracing everything from the Cheapest to the Finest Parlor Suites. No need to go to the large cities to make your purchases, no matter what quantity or quality you want, as I can and will duplicate any prices you can obtain elsewhere, freight being added. Also a full assortment of Coffins, Cases, Shrouds and Robes, embracing all the New Styles, both cheap and expensive. Ware room opposite St. Asaph Hotel, Stanford, Ky.

PLEASE DON'T FORGET

That we carry the Largest Stock of Groceries, Hardware and Queensware in the city;

That we are Millers' Agents and wholesale depot for Flour and Meal;

That our stock of Pleasure Vehicles, including everything from a Road Cart to a Barouche, is always complete,

And that we guarantee Lowest Prices, style and finish considered.

Also, that we still handle the celebrated Wagons, "Old Hickory" and Mitchell.

Big line of Farming Implements, Grain Drills, Turning Plows, both riding and walking,

And all of which we guarantee at Lowest prices.

BRIGHT & CURRAN.

MY LAST REHEARSAL.

(Henry Turner in London Society.)

Probably the theory of evolution never received a more practical illustration, physically and mentally, than in my case. For, whereas I am now a florid, sedate, well-to-do father of a family, church warden, overseer and guardian of my parish, some thirty years ago I was a slender, harum-scarum bachelor, impetuous, and ready at a moment's notice for any folly which might present itself to my excitable and magnetic temperament. Various I certainly was not, but merely thoughtless and inconsiderate.

My name is Mathews, and I was christened Charles, after an uncle, from whom my father had pecuniary expectations. The late Charles Reade was undoubtedly right when he said that versatility never pays. I was a fair baritone singer, a clever caricaturist, an admirable mimic, and enjoyed great renown as an amateur actor. Yet, at the age of 25 I was entirely dependent on my father for the necessities of life and pocket money. My largest creditor at this time was my tailor, to whom I was indebted in the sum of 95 pounds, 4 shillings and 6 pence. Unless my father "stumped up" I had as much chance of being able to pay the national debt as defraying this amount. For some reason or other my father proved unusually obstinate at this juncture, and declined to do anything in the matter. I remember he described his conduct as firmness.

I have omitted to mention that I was in love with a pretty but portly young lady of the name of Walker. My father characterized this circumstance as another sample of my thoughtlessness and perversity, as among my acquaintance there were several young ladies with very tolerable fortunes, and a quasi-visit for Miss Walker's good graces of the name of Nobbs. He was so very plain and unpleasant in his manners that I entertained no fears of being ousted by him, and accordingly we were very good friends. He employed the same tailor (Binks) as myself, and one memorable morning Mr. Nobbs came to me and told me that Binks had issued a writ against me for the amount of my debt.

The law against debtors at that date were much more stringent than it is at present, and I determined to leave London and go into hiding for a time, until I could prevail on my wealthy uncle to relieve me of Binks' claim. I had a few pounds in my pocket, and informed Nobbs that I would start at once for a small watering place, which I will here call "Seamouth." I had never been there, but had heard a good account of it from a friend who found it cheap, quiet and salubrious. In an hour I had my modest portmanteau packed (which had my name duly inscribed on a brass plate thereon), and was steaming at the rate of thirty miles an hour for the nearest port to Seamouth. When I left the train I found there was a coach about to start for Seamouth, a distance of eight miles.

After an hour's drive I was deposited at the door of the "Red Lion." I was not much puzzled as to the choice of my hotel, for the "Red Lion" was the only inn in the place. Seamouth consisted apparently of one long straggling street, with a few detached houses on the outskirts. At a distance of 100 yards the open sea tumbled and tossed in a shingly beach. In ten minutes I felt I had "done" Seamouth, and contemplated with some feelings of disgust a lengthened residence in this secluded spot. I had already secured a bed-room, left my portmanteau, and ordered a steak and accessories prior to my stroll round the place.

As I crossed the entrance hall to the coffee-room, I found myself the object of special observation by the staff of the hotel. The rubicund Boniface saluted me with a broad grin, the antiquated waiter smirked in a peculiar fashion as he hastened to open the door of the coffee-room, while a housemaid on the stairs was evidently much more occupied in studying my personal appearance than sweeping the carpeted stairs. A half-length of what was evidently the cook peered from the regions below. I was about to seat myself at one of the tables when the host advanced, and with a very deferential bow, begged that I would accept the offer of a private room. Anticipating my objection, he went on to say that no extra expense would be incurred in consequence. So a few minutes saw me engaged in discussing a juicy tender steak, some mealy potatoes, flanked by a tankard of nut-brown ale, with an obsequious waiter as my sole attendant. I determined to write to my uncle immediately after dinner, as my slender purse would soon be exhausted in defraying the cost of my present luxury.

As the waiter placed an apple-tart on the table, he remarked: "I think this is your first visit to Seamouth, sir?" I replied in the affirmative, muttering sotto voce, "and also my last; 'Seamouth' appears to be a very sleepy kind of place." The old waiter drew himself up, apparently resenting this stigma on this little watering place. "Very quiet, sir, but very select. But we shall be very lively now you have honored us with a visit, sir." I failed to perceive how the presence of a fugitive debtor could add to the cheerfulness of any place, but I made no reply, considering the compliment would be charged for in the bill. "It's astonishing, sir, what a difference the theatre makes when it is open." But Seamouth can not support a theatre," I replied. "No, sir, but when a star comes, I remember, when I was a boy, seeing Mr. Macready here, and people came far and near to see him. Our yard was full of bonnets of heavy description, and so it will be on Thursday next, when Mr. Charles Mathews makes his appearance."

As he said these words the old waiter made a profound genuflection, and left the room. A light dawned upon me; my name was identical with that of the great comedian. The waiter had read the name on the brass plate on my trunk, and I had been mistaken for the coming man. I was chuckling over the singular error, and had resolved to disabuse the staff of the "Red Lion" accordingly, whose curious reception of me was now explained, when a circumstance occurred which caused me to change my resolution. The window of the room which I occupied commanded a view of the coach-road leading to the nearest postal town.

As I reflected over the curious blunder, I found myself mechanically watching a dog-cart which was rapidly approaching the inn. It drew up at the door, and from the vehicle descended a stout, coarse looking man, wearing a very bad hat, and very sooty in his habiliments. In general, I was reading the advertisement in "The Savannah Express" which announced the appearance of the London actor in his celebrated character of Sir Charles Colstream in "Casi Up" on Thursday next. This was one of my best impersonations as an amateur, and I had made such a close study of the original representative that I could reproduce every tone, and glance, and gesture. My personal appearance was also very similar. At this moment the waiter entered the room, holding his hand before his face, and apparently convulsed with laughter.

"I beg pardon, sir, but you will laugh as much as me when I tell you, sir. There is a sheriff's officer in the coffee-room who wants to serve a writ on a Mr. Charles Mathews; he inquired if a agent of that name was there. I told him yes, the noted actor."

He gave a sigh, and said that was not the gentleman he wanted. He is going to stop here, as he knows for certain that his man is coming to Seamouth directly, and he will watch the arrivals by coach."

As the waiter delivered this exordium my mind was at work endeavoring to solve the mystery of my hiding-place being discovered. Nobbs—that was the solution. On second thoughts he had disclosed the place of my retreat to Binks. As the waiter concluded, my determination was taken. My natural love of fun and adventure, combined with the instinct of self-preservation, decided me to accept the honors thus suddenly thrust upon me. I made no reference to the waiter's story, treating it as too absurd for discussion.

"I want to send a note round to the lessee of the Theatre Royal."

"Certainly, sir. The boots can take it."

In a few seconds I had scribbled the following:

"DEAR SIMPSON—To quote the Duke's Motto—I am here. Will you call a rehearsal 'Casi Up' for to-morrow night? Yours faithfully, C. J. MATHEWS."

This characteristic note was promptly despatched, and I waited in serenity, and with a keen sense of approaching enjoyment the result.

In half-an-hour the answer came:

"DEAR MR. MATHEWS—I am agreeably surprised by your early arrival, as I did not expect you till the morning of Thursday (the day of the performance). I suppose the papers are in error in advertising you as playing at Plymouth to-day—Tuesday. I will be very pleased to make your acquaintance."

"Yours sincerely, T. SIMPSON."

Nothing could be more fortunate. Mr. Simpson had never seen the great comedian; and I was safe till Thursday. The reader may inquire, Why did I not make my escape from Seamouth while I had the opportunity? I can only reply that my love of adventure was responsible for my conduct. I should inflict no harm on any one; indeed, I was conferring an actual benefit on the company of the Theatre Royal by affording them the great advantage of an extra rehearsal. And the actor himself could find his task on Thursday considerably smoother, as all my "business" was precisely the same as he would adopt.

Punctual to the hour appointed, I made my appearance at the stage-door at 11 on the following morning.

"Good morning, Mr. Mathews," exclaimed a little, shabbily-dressed man, who was waiting with his back to the fireplace, in conversation with the Cerberus who guarded the sacred portals of the drama.

"Good morning, Mr. Simpson. Where is the company?"

"They are all on the stage, Mr. Mathews. I have got a pretty Mary for you, and a capital blacksmith."

I followed Mr. Simpson along a dimly-lighted passage to the stage. As we threaded the gloomy labyrinth, my conductor whispered to me:

"You are satisfied with the terms I offered?"

"Perfectly," I answered. "Nothing could have been more liberal." (How I wondered what they were!)

"Yes, I think that arrangement is the fairest for both parties," continued the worthy manager.

I found a group of seedy-looking individuals on the stage, who were several introduced to me. The personator of Mary Wuzel was a pretty-looking girl, but very pale and emaciated, while the representative of the blacksmith was a diminutive but sturdy little man.

"Hallo! this won't do; Ironbrace should be a big man, or where is the alarming contrast between Sir Charles in the deadly affair which takes place?"

The manager shrugged his shoulders.

"We can't get another now."

While they arranged the first scene I glanced round the theatre. It was a band-box of a house, and I should not have hesitated to play the piece in my own proper person had necessity compelled it. But when Thursday came I must be miles away. Here I suddenly remembered that the individual I was negotiating was renowned for his vivacity and stores of anecdote. So I drew on my memory, an unconsciously retentive one, and poured forth a stream of witticisms, which seemed to meet the circumstances of the case, for the company laughed immoderately, until at last the manager suggested a commencement of the rehearsal.

"We have all heard of your wonderful conversational powers, Mr. Mathews, and report has not exaggerated them, but suppose we—"

"Exactly, Mr. Simpson; business first and pleasure afterwards."

I at once addressed myself to the business of the scenes, and really worked hard in putting the company through their facings.

It would not interest the general reader to mention in detail the very natural shortcomings of a scratch country company of strolling players. But I found them very docile and extremely anxious to follow my directions implicitly. Small as were my available resources, I expended self-sacrifice in refreshment, and their countenances expressed their gratitude even more than their words. There was another piece down for rehearsal, "Married for Money," but was totally unacquainted with the piece, so I suggested it should be postponed till the morrow. Towards the conclusion of the rehearsal I observed Mr. Simpson examining my features with great earnestness.

"You wear uncommonly well, Mr. Mathews; I was told you were about 40, but you don't look more than five-and-twenty."

All habit, my dear sir; I never encourage the idea of age. I follow the advice of Bulwer Lytton. Decide upon the age at which you choose to remain, and refuse to become any older. I have selected five-and-twenty. Perennial Jove, you know, and all that sort of thing."

My auditor was convinced; I continued:

"Besides, youth is my stock in trade. How could I play the youthful Jenny Jessams if I looked my real age?"

My logic was unanswerable.

Even parted Mr. Simpson shook my hand heartily.

"A check on Friday morning, as soon as we have verified the receipts; I suppose that will do, Mr. Mathews?"

"Perfectly," I replied, cordially returning the pressure.

I was walking leisurely toward my hotel, when I beheld a slight, thin almost turned my blind to water. Striding along in his usual brisk and jaunty fashion was the great comedian himself. He was evidently going to the theatre. Fortunately the building was closed, as I had seen Mr. Simpson lock the door and walk away with the key in his pocket. But Seamouth was a small place, and the manager could soon be found. My course was plain. I must fly, and at once.

I met the waiter in the doorway. He grinned and pointed to a couple of waiters in the hall on which was inscribed, "Mr. Charles Mathews."

"He's come, sir."

"Where is the sheriff's officer?" I inquired in as calm a tone as I could assume.

"He's gone for a walk on the beach. I have sent boots after him. The gent has not come by the coach. He came in a fly. Fretty extravagance in a man as can't pay his ownings. But it's just like that class."

"Please make out my bill, waiter," said I.

Messrs, not men, have always been my name. Goldsmith.

calmly, though I felt my heart thumping against my chest, as vulgar people say, nineteen to the dozen.

The waiter's countenance fell.

"Am't you comfortable, sir?"

"Quite; your hotel is a perfect elysium; but Mr. Simpson wishes me to stay with him till I leave Seamouth."

In five minutes I had paid my bill, and given the waiter a handsome douceur, and shouldering my portmanteau, was on my way to the theatre. The waiter expressed his regret that the boots was on the beach looking for the sheriff's officer, and so unable to carry my portmanteau, and he himself was unable to leave the "all the spoons being about you, see, sir."

Nothing could well be more fortunate for my purpose. As I strode away the horses were being harnessed for the departing coach, and as soon as possible I made my way to the road along which the coach must pass on its way to the postal town. I did not feel safe till I had mounted the box-seat and had left Seamouth some miles behind. The coach was timed to meet the London train, and ere night fell I was once more under the parental roof.

Here I found a letter from my uncle, inclosing a check for 100 pounds sterling, and a nomination to a valuable government appointment. From that moment I turned over a new leaf, married Miss Walker, and forgave Nobbs (who protested his innocence as to my address). But as I considered conquerors can afford to be generous, I wrote a letter to the great comedian, explaining my conduct under very trying circumstances, and received a cordial letter of thanks in response for the very efficient rehearsal I had given the company of the Theatre Royal.

In consequence of his from the sheriff's officer was but of brief duration, my flight having sufficiently shown which was the real Simon Pure.

I have never paid a visit to Seamouth since.

Starting a Balty Horse.

(Chicago News.)

A horse attached to a light buggy stood directly in front of the Monroe street entrance to the Palmer house, the other day, while about the vehicle were several omnibuses and carriages awaiting an opportunity to reach the sidewalk.

The horse's back showed recent cuts from a whip. Its driver, whip in hand, was rearing after his exertions to start the balty animal. A man rushed to the horse's head and attempted to pull forward horse and vehicle, while the wearied driver made good use of the whip on the horse's body. The horse refused to move. A crowd of people gathered about, many giving instructions as to the best means of starting the stubborn animal. Several means were tried, but without effect.

A colored man emerged from the crowd and walked up to the horse's head. He threw his right arm about the horse's neck, the left being directly back of the forelegs, and, throwing his weight on the animal, used his right foot to kick the horse's legs at the first joint above the hoof. The horse lifted first one foot and then the other in response to the kicks, and presently fell on his knees. In getting up he was helped forward several feet, and on regaining his balance moved off at a brisk trot, turning round as he trotted down Monroe street to view the colored man, whose novel proceeding had forced him to start, despite his determination to stand still.

"Dat'll fetch 'em every time," said the colored man, as he made for the sidewalk with the "busses" and carriages rushed up to the vacant spot. "It kinder takes dem by surprise, and foh dey know it dey's moving along."

Encouraging Cannibalism Among Rats.

(John G. Mason in Courier Journal.)

I would like to tell your readers expressing special interest in the matter how to clear a house or barn of rats and mice. It is a plan I and many of my neighbors have tried with unvaried success. Catch several rats or mice in a wire trap, say six or seven; set the trap containing them in some dark place for several days, not forgetting to give them water, but no food. After awhile they will get so hungry they will fall upon each other. And when a certain length of time has elapsed, under the law of the "survival of the fittest," it will be found that only one remains, generally an old male. Do not let this one remain too long in the trap or he will succumb to the ravages of hunger, but turn him out. By this time he has acquired a taste for rat blood, which nothing but rat blood will supply, and in a very short time he will have eaten or run off every rodent on the place.

American Corn in Austria.

(Chicago Journal.)

Experiments made during the past two years to introduce a few of the early varieties of American corn into some of the Austrian provinces have proved very successful in Dalmatia. Not only is the yield twice that of the home product, but the harvest of the American corn can be finished early enough to escape the annual inundations, while the Dalmatian corn ripens late and is often totally destroyed by water before the harvest time. The question, however, seems to be whether the American corn will retain all these good points after it has been cultivated in the foreign soil and climate for a period of years, or whether it will become acclimated and partake of the home peculiarities, thus necessitating a constant importation of fresh seed.

Napoleon's Great Defeats.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

Whoever a great general dies he is contrasted with Napoleon. Now, with all his really first-class military ability, it must be admitted that Napoleon made great mistakes, and suffered great defeats. A recent writer calls attention to the fact that he lost in the Russian campaign 450,000 men. This was in the short space of four months. Napoleon entered Germany in 1813 with 350,000 men. He fought the great battles of Lutten, Bismarck and Dresden without decisive results. He retreated from Leipzig with a loss of 25,000 men. He recrossed the Rhine with only 80,000 left of his 350,000 men. At Waterloo he left 33,000 soldiers and 227 cannon on the field. Yet, notwithstanding these defeats, he will be famous through all time as a military genius.

A Long Look Ahead.

(Philadelphia Call.)

"Well, old Aunt, are the neighbors looking after you in your poverty?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Merrihem. I'll not want for wood, you perceive."

"Well, bless me, not! There's not less than two cords there. Who sent it?"

"Deacon Brown."

"The whole of it! Ah, I see. He expects it to be re-ordered above."

Heart Disease Among Boys.

(Chicago Herald.)

An officer of the marine corps who has the duty of examining the boys that want to become sailors in the navy, says that one-fifth of the applicants, of which there are hundreds, are rejected on account of heart disease. The large majority of these cases are caused by cigarette smoking.

Again, the Boy.

(Harper's Bazar.)

Succotash was a new dish at Charlie's house last one that he had heard immensely.

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